

SOUTHERN TELEGRAPH
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THOMAS H. PALMER.
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are paid, unless at the option of the editor.
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riod than one year.

Terms of Advertising.
Space of ten lines or less, for the first in-
sertion, One Dollar; for each additional inser-
tion, Fifty Cents.
For over ten cents per line for the first in-
sertion, and for each additional inser-
tion, one cent per line for the year, a
discount will be made.

Customers & the Pub- lic generally.

Have just received, direct from
New York, a splendid assortment of
**SPRING AND SUMMER
MERCHANDISE,**
the following is a part—
No. 1-4-4 Lowell Cottons,
& bleached Sheetings and Shirtings,
Shirtings and Diapers,
and assortment of Prints,
(plain and figured)

Handkerchiefs,
Gloves,
Hosiery, &c. &c.
to which we invite the attention of the
public particularly.

ADVERTISERS.

Send me a lot of **Jewelry**, just rec'd
**EDWARD, CUTLERY, GLASS,
WARE, QUEENWARE, AND
GROCERIES.**
I have on hand a lot of **SPRING & SUMMER
CLOTHING,**
HATS, BOOTS, SHOES, &c. &c. &c.
to which we call the attention of the
public and promise to please them.
FAVOR & EARNSWORTH.
Rodney, April 11, 1837. 8-11

FRESH SUPPLY.

The undersigned respectfully informs
his friends and customers that he has
just received direct from New York, a hand-
some and well selected supply of
**SPRING AND SUMMER
GOODS.**

Comprising Staple and Fancy
DRY GOODS,
SPRING & SUMMER Clothing,
A SUPERIOR LOT OF
HARDWARE,
Also—A few fine Double-barrelled GUNS,
which, added to his former stock, makes
his assortment very complete.

He respectfully invites purchasers to call
and examine his stock.
J. A. MONTGOMERY.
Rodney, March 28, 1837. 7-11

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

LETTERS of administration having
been granted to the undersigned, by
the Honorable Probate Court of Jefferson
County, at the November Term, 1836, on
the estate of Doctor Edward Lee, dec'd.
Notice is, therefore, hereby given to all per-
sons indebted to said estate to come forward
without delay, and make payment, and all
those having claims against the estate are
requested to present them within the time
prescribed by law or they will be barred.
J. B. WARREN, Adm'r.
Dec. 27, 1836. 45-11

NOTICE.

MR. JAMES J. COLLIER is ap-
pointed agent to settle the business
of the late Mrs. MARGARETTA TIERE,
by MONTGOMERY viz: to receive and
receipt accounts due her and to pay all ac-
counts due by her.

—ALSO—
to sell all her
**HOUSEHOLD AND KITCHEN FUR-
NITURE**
either by public or private sale.
ANDREW MONTGOMERY.
March 21, 1837. 6-11

TAKE NOTICE.

HAVING sold my stock of Drugs and
Medicines to Messrs. T. G. Compton & Co.
I must earnestly solicit all persons having
open accounts with me for the last and pre-
sent years, to come forward and close them.
GEORGE B. BAYLY.
October 25, 1836. 37-11

COMMISSIONERS' NOTICE.

THE undersigned Commissioners ap-
pointed by the Probate Court of Jefferson
County, to receive and audit claims against
the estate of David N. Williams, deceased,
reported insolvent, will meet for that pur-
pose on the fourth Saturday in each month,
for six months successively, at Jno. Steele's
store.

J. DUNBAR,
JAMES WOOD, Comm'rs.
ROB. Y. WOOD,
March 7, 1837. 4-11

EVERY variety of BLANKS kept on hand and for sale at this office.

Dr. T. H. FOX,
OFFERS his services to the
inhabitants of Rodney and its vi-
cinity, in the various branches of
his profession. His office is on
Commerce street in the Drug Store of Dr.
Barbridge, where he will at all times be
found when not professionally engaged.
May 9, 1837. 13-11

REMOVAL.

THE Store of **YOE & DAVENPORT**
has been removed to the new building late-
ly erected by George Overaker, one door
below the south-west corner of Commerce
street.
Rodney, April 11, 1837. 9-11

Fresh Arrival.

STUART & SMITH,
HAVE just received, and are now open-
ing, an assortment of
STAPLE & FANCY GOODS,
adapted to the season, to wit:
Superior black Merinos,
do Silk Hdkfs (of various colors.)
Fine Italian Sewing Silks, (assorted)
Black Silk Velvet, (a beautiful article.)
Thread-Lace and Edgings,
Black striped Chalis,
Mourning Muslin, &c.
Together with a very fine assortment of
Ladies' Fancy Dress Handkerchiefs,
Gloves,
Hosiery, &c. &c.
We have also on hand a lot of **PALM
LEAF HATS.**
Rodney, April 11, 1837. 9-11

Yoe & Davenport.

BEG leave to inform the public that they
are still in Rodney, and are now open-
ing, a superior assortment of
GOODS.

of every description, adapted to the season
and the market, viz:
Spring and Summer Clothing
Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, of the latest
fashion and most improved style,
Hats, Boots, Shoes and Saddlery,
Queen's, Glass & Hardware, Cutlery, &c.
&c. &c.

They have likewise a large lot of
GOOD PAPER
on hand, which they are anxious to dispose
of for cash only.

Having heretofore received a liberal
share of patronage, they feel desirous of
having it continued, and guarantee that all
those who confide in them shall not be dis-
appointed.
Rodney, April 11, 1837. 9-11

Plantation for Sale.

INTENDING after this year, to remove
my planting interest to the river, I offer
for sale the tract of land on which I now
reside, situated in Jefferson county, in the
Gulf Hills, 12 miles from Rodney and 10
from Port Gibson.

The tract contains upwards of 1000
Acres of the best quality of Gulf Hill Land,
about 500 Acres of which are in high cul-
tivation, is remarkably well watered, and is
considered one of the healthiest places in the
country.

It has upon it a good comfortable Dwell-
ing House, with a fine never failing spring
convenient to it, and all the necessary out-
houses; a quarter large enough to accom-
modate 40 hands; a Gin with 2 stands; a
Mill separate from the Gin; Stable, &c.

If desirous, I will also sell the stock,
which is tolerably large.

FARMING UTENSILS, &c.
Likewise.

A FEW FIRST-RATE HANDS.

Possession to be given after the crop now
being planted shall be gathered.

Persons desirous of purchasing are re-
quested to call upon me previous to the 1st
of May, about which time I expect to leave
home.

J. B. COLEMAN.
March 4, 1837. 6-11

15,000 ACRES OF LAND, AND 75 NEGROES, FOR SALE.

THE subscribers propose selling fifteen
thousand acres very superior level
COTTON LANDS,
situated on the bank of navigation, entire-
ly free from inundation. Growth, highland
dogwood, red-bud, sassafras, hickory, wal-
nut, locust, boxelder, holly, gum, &c. and
very large cane.

ALSO,
75 LIKELY YOUNG NEGROES,
now upon the land. Possession given im-
mediately. Credit 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7 and
8 years. For a more particular description
of the above property, and for terms apply
to either of the owners.

G. GIBSON,
N. WILSON.
April 11, 1837. 9-11

COPARTNERSHIP.

THE subscribers would respectfully in-
form their friends and the public that
they have entered into a Copartnership for
the purpose of transacting the mercantile
business in the towns of Rodney, Jefferson
county, and Sharon, Madison county, Mis-
sissippi.

The business will be conducted in Rod-
ney, under the firm of Griffing, Carothers
& Co., and in Sharon, under the firm of
Carothers, Griffing & Co.

JASPER D. GRIFFING,
THOS. CAROTHERS,
KINSMAN DIVINE,
CALEB S. BROWN.
Dec. 13, 1836. 41-11



POETRY.

[As Sir David Brewster has started a
new candidate for the honor of the author-
ship of 'Junius,' we have thought it would
be well to publish Byron's happy bar-
lesque on the whole subject, as well as
his hypothesis on the authorship of those
celebrated letters. We make the extract
from 'The Vision of Judgment,' page
458, of Dearborn's New York edition of
Byron's Works. Our readers will recollect
the story.—George III. was contending for
his 'right of entry' to Heaven, with Mi-
chael, the archangel, for an advocate; which
'right' the Devil was contesting. Junius
was one of the witnesses called by the lat-
ter celebrated counsellor.]—Ed. T.L.

"Call Junius! From the crowd a shadow stalk'd,
And at the name there was a general squeeze,
So that the very crowd no longer walk'd.
In comfort at the crowd's great ease,
But were all round'd and round'd, and round'd,
As we shall see) and just as Michael said,
Like wind compress'd and pent in narrow ways,
Or like a human colic, when the bowels
The shadow came—a tall, thin, portly fellow,
That look'd as if he had been a general squeeze,
Quick in its motions with an air of vigor,
But might to mark its brevity as its birth;
Now it was a little, then it grew bigger.
With now an air of gloom or savage mirth,
But as you could upon its features, they
Changed every instant—'in what, none could say.

The more intently the crowd look'd, the less
Could they distinguish where the features were;
The Devil himself seem'd puzzled to know
They said like a shadow, now here, now there,
And several people were from out the crowd,
They knew him perfectly; and as he came
He was his father's son, upon which point
Was sure he was his mother's cousin's brother.

Another, that he was a duke's son,
An ancestor, a lawyer, or a priest;
A noble's man-servant; but the weight
Mysterious change'd his countenance at least
As at they they said: though in full sight
He stood, the people only were increased
The man was a phantasmagoria to
Himself—he was so volatile and thin.

The moment that you had pronounced him one,
Presto! his face changed, and he was another;
And when that change was hardly well put on,
It varied, till I don't think his own mother
(If that he had a mother) would have known
Have known, he shifted so from one to 'ther;
Till guessing from a pleasure grow a task
At this epistolary 'Iron Mask'.

For sometimes he like Cervantes would seem—
"Three gentlemen at once," (as singly says
Good Mrs. Malaprop) then you might find
That he was not even one; now many rays
Were flashing round him; and now a thick steam
Hid him from sight, like fogs on London days;
Now back, now 'twixt the trees, he grew to people's fancies
And certes often like Sir Philip Francis.

I've an hypothesis—it is quite my own;
I never let it out till now, for fear
Of doing people harm about the throne,
And injuring some minister or peer,
On whom the stigma might perhaps be blown;
It is—my gentle public, lend thine ear!

"Tis that what Junius we are wont to call,
Was really, truly, nobody at all.
I don't see wherefore letters should not be
Written without hands, since we daily view
Them written without heads; and books we see,
Are fill'd as well without the letter too;
And really till we fix on somebody
For certain sure to claim them as his due,
Their author, like the Niger's mouth will bather
The world to say if there be month or author.

"And who & what art thou?" the archangel said.
"For that you may consult my title page,"
Replied this mighty shadow of a shade;
"I have kept my secret half an age,
I scarce shall tell it now." "Canst thou uphold,"
Continued Michael, "George Rex, or allege
Aught further? Jun's answer'd—"You had better
First ask him for his answer to my letter:

"My charges upon record will outlast
The breath of both his epistolary and tomb."
Repliedst thou not," said Michael, "of some poet
Exaggeration? something which may doom
Thou art a false, as him it true? Thou wast
Too bitter—is it not so?—in thy gloom
Of passion?—'Tis passion! cried the phantom dim,
I loved my country, and I hated him.

What I have written, I have written: let
The rest be on his head or mine!" So spoke
Old Nomius Umbra; and while speaking yet,
Away he melted in celestial smoke."

THE mother's eye, as it was sadly bent
On the water, rested on the group of men
who were standing on its very edge; at this
moment, one of them raised a spy glass to
his face. Emma, shuddering, turned hastily
away, and a sick faint feeling came over her,
but she almost immediately compelled her-
self to look again, and, ashamed of the self-
ishness which would not permit her to re-
joice in the happiness of others, while her-
self was bereaved and desolate. Some
beating hearts, thought she, are waiting
with tremulous joy the approach of the dear
objects of their love. Shall I not rejoice
with them? "Run, William, and see what
vessel has arrived, for those men are watch-
ing, I am sure, the approach of one." Wil-
liam obeyed, though reluctantly, for his lit-
tle heart was grieved whenever his eyes
rested on the water. His mother watched
his tardy footsteps as he approached the
group, who at this moment spying him, one
of them went forth to meet him.

Scarcely had they become near enough
to speak, when, as though words of a mag-
ical influence had been pronounced, Wil-
liam, who before scarcely moved, now to-
ward his arms high in the air, and turning his
face toward his mother's dwelling, seemed
borne along by the wings of the wind.—
The man as swiftly followed, and almost
breathless, they both entered at the same
time the shade of Emma. "Oh mother!
mother!" exclaimed William—"Stop, my
boy," said his companion, "let me speak to
your mother first," and turning to Emma, he
said, "Be calm, we have glorious
news, wonderful news for you—the
ship Anne is close at hand!" Emma spoke
not, but her heaving bosom and wildly roll-
ing eye, frightened her boy, who, running to
her and throwing himself on her neck,
exclaimed, "Why, I thought that you would
be so glad, mother, that father after all is
alive, and coming to us, but you don't look
so at all; what is the matter? why do you
look so strangely?" Emma buried her face
in the bosom of her child, and relieved her
burning heart by weeping aloud. Locked
in each other's arms, they mingled their
tears and their touching thanksgivings to
God for his unspeakable mercy, while the
man who stood by, though quite unused to
the melting mood himself, wept like an in-
fant.

William's exuberance of joy continued
to overflow at his lips, while the mother's
chastened, but far more deep, kept her si-
lent and thoughtful, though she listened
with complacency, and would now and then
reply to the playful remarks of her child.
They were sitting in this way when a peal
of thunder, loud and long, rolled over their
heads, and in a moment Emma and her
boy were at the window. Their eyes hav-
ing been directed only towards the water,
they had not observed the cloud which had
arisen in the east, and which they now per-
ceived had nearly covered the heavens.—
"God in mercy, preserve the father!" ex-
claimed Emma, "for I fear a storm is close
at hand." In one short hour, how had the
scene before her changed. Dark and heavy
clouds were driven now with most
frightful rapidity across the heavens, and
the water was lashed to foaming fury by
the violence of the wind. It seemed in-
deed impossible that a vessel could live for
a moment on the heaving billows of that
stormy sea. What a change, too, in the
joyous feelings of William's little affection-
ate heart. The big tears chased each other
down his sweet pale cheeks, and all his
childish prattle was forgotten.

It was now nearly bed time, but poor
Emma thought not of retiring. Her uncon-
scious body, laid to rest in its little cradle,
was softly breathing and sweetly sleeping,
and William, wearied with watching and
weeping, sank beside him on the floor, and
for a while forgot his sorrows in the pro-
found slumbers of childhood. But not to
the wife and mother came this soothing
balm. Her aching head pressed not that
night the pillow of repose. How could
she hear to rest on the bed where she
had so often rested on the dear bosom of
him who was perhaps now stretched on the
rocky bed of the ocean, with the cold and
stormy waves for his covering.

The sun which had so long gazed on
the fairest scenes of earth, never looked forth
on a more lovely morning than that which
succeeded this night of storm and tempest.
The brightness of the soft air, the serenity
of the blue sky, and the beauty of the
bright water, were never exceeded. But
when he glid rays of that glorious morning
penetrated the sad chambers of Emma, she
covered her face and groined in the bitter-
ness of her heart; for where was he in
whose arms at this very hour she hoped to
have been cradled? The mother's agoniz-
ing groans broke the slumbers of her boy,
who starting on his feet, exclaimed, "Has
father come?" "Oh no, my child," answer-
ed Emma, bursting for the first time into
a passionate fit of weeping, "no, will he, I
fear, come again!"

Several weeks passed, and as nothing
was heard of the ship which contained the
husband of Emma, and as more than one
vessel was known to have perished during
the storm, the faint hopes that were enter-
tained of his safety were entirely vanishing,
and Emma felt that she was indeed a wit-
ness to her own fair burial.

But it was not the beauty of the scene
that made it so attractive to her. Here
was not the delighted gaze of one whose feel-
ings are all absorbed in the loveliness of
nature. On the contrary, her anxious, en-
gaged eye told that she was not satisfied with
the scene before her, though so fair; but
she was looking for an object of greater in-
terest than any that had appeared. But
not a speck was to be seen on the silvery
expanse before her, and she turned away
with a disappointed and heart sickened
feeling.

Emma had looked forth many times in
the day for several weeks on the same
scene, sometimes fair as now, and some-
times deformed by storms, for the ship which
contained her dearest treasures. Still the
husband and father came not, and her
thoughts grew troubled and her heart sad,
and now the tears fell fast on the cheek of
her sleeping infant. But Emma was a
christian, and the sweet promise, "That wilt
keep him in perfect peace whose mind is
stayed on Thee," came over her spirit so
soothingly, and with a power so divine, that
her heart at once rested on the promise of
her Almighty Father, and her perturbed
and anxious feelings were hushed to repose.

While she sat at the window, her little
boy of about ten years, ran into the room
exclaiming, "Oh, mother! dear mother! fa-
ther is coming!" "What do you mean, my
child?" said Emma, turning very pale.—
"Why look, mother! don't you see that pil-
low boat? Well, the men that are on board
of her say that the ship Anne is in the of-
fing, and will be in the harbor before morn-
ing." "Oh, my dear boy," said Emma, tears
of joy filling her eyes, "what gratitude
do you owe to our Heavenly Parent! But
are you sure, my little one, that it was the
angel that came to you?" "O yes, mother,
they say the men that are on board of her
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